

Never was the world open to the Gospel as at the present time. Twenty or thirty years ago one feature of missionary meetings was prayer that doors might be opened. Seldom are such prayers heard now. There is little need for them. The Lord has set before the Church an open door in almost every land. From every quarter echoes the cry, Come over and help us, so that the question has come to be not so much where can we get an entrance, but which of the many fields shall we choose. Does not the abundant answer to the prayer for an open door prelude the answer to the prayer that we now offer, that the knowledge of the Lord may soon be given to all.

We would ask special attention to the paper in this issue from the Synod of Jamaica calling attention to the needs of the West India Mission field. True, work there is more especially in behalf of the Coolies, who have come from India to labor on the estates, and of whom there are from 150,000 to 180,000 in the West Indies. About one fourth of these are in Trinidad and the remainder on other islands and in Demarara. And to overtake the steadily increasing numbers of these will be beyond our reach for some time to come. But the object of the paper referred to is to set forth the needs outside of the Coolie population. The natives, negroes, creoles, etc. Of these according to the statement given, there are nearly ten millions, or twice the population of the Dominion of Canada, in the West Indian region, waiting, hungry, for the Bread of Life. How great the harvest! How few the laborers! And these millions are rapidly changing. One generation coming, another going. While we tarry they are perishing.

DEMARARA.

EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM REV. J. GIBSON.

Dear Mr. Scott:

* * * A few mornings since we started for Hague, a distance of 5 miles. The roads were heavy and the weather disagreeable. Driving from Gelberg to Hague was the easiest part of the undertaking, the most difficult task was to get from the manager's house to the school.

After fitting ourselves out in waterproof coats and waterproof shoes we started out, the manager leading the way, Mrs. Gibson following and myself last of all. There were two boards laid down for us to walk on and I thought to myself "so far so good," but

what were we to do for the remainder of the journey. The second board stopped short in a mud hole knee deep. We walked along the first board and were approaching the end of the second, meanwhile mentally preparing ourselves for what was before us. For some reason or other we never overstepped the end of the last board. We had only two boards but while we were walking on one the other was taken up by a couple of coolies and placed before us so that without pausing we had a comfortable walk until we came to the trench. Here a punt manned by about half a dozen coolies who had volunteered to do us honor was waiting in readiness to receive us. By the aid of one of the other boards we stepped into the punt, and were towed along by our gallant crew.

As we neared the school house an unusually heavy shower of rain came on and our volunteer force took to their heels and left us to consider our steps which we could not retrace. We scrambled out of the punt and waded to the school house without the comfort of a plank walk. We found that our American waterproof coats and waterproof shoes were as treacherous as our coolie crew, and like fair weather friends they failed us in the time of our greatest need. Dripping with soaked and muddy garments we sat down and listened to the children recite their lessons and sing a number of hymns and bhajans. There were fifty children present and although some of them had only their natural "waterproofs" on they looked as dry as ducks in rainy weather. When the time for the distribution of sweets arrived they seemed pleased with themselves for their courage in turning out such a morning.

We returned to the manager's house as soon the rain ceased, wiser and wetter missionaries than we were before. We changed our clothes and had breakfast. Since that day I have gone to Hague alone until last Sunday when it was too wet for me to venture out. We hope to commence again next Sunday and "let by-gones be by-gones," our only motto in the future shall be "paddle your own canoe," no more coolies with planks and punts.

Sincerely Yours,

JOHN GIBSON.

The Churchville Auxiliary of the W. F. M. S. organized Feb. 17, 1886, is flourishing. It has sent eleven dollars to the Treasury, seventeen dollars to the Santo Fund, a box of clothing to Mr. McKenzie, and it is now sewing for Mr. Annand.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher died at his home in Brooklyn, New York, on the morning of March 8th.